

In The Land Of The Mountains Of Trees

Darkened Nocturn Slaughtercult

Where the water flow together,
in the land of the mountains of trees,
there is seen a zadule running to escape.
Fleeing towards the dismal dark...dark!

Come closer and see, stare at the trees
Come closer and see, stare at the blackish mirror.

Now I hear the miry voice vociferating your name!
The call is deep beyond the dusky shades,
where you follow your eyes, where you follow the sign.

Come closer and see, stare at the trees!

...In the Land of the Mountains of Trees...

Fleeing to this black nothing,
while the shreak is near,
while mired in fear.
Emptiness splits the sky and touches the silent leafs!
Descent to the waters,
in the land of the mountains of trees!